

DURANGO KID



anc

CHARLES STARRETT as

The DURANGO KID

"LOST TREASURE TROVE!"

No. 18

10¢

"DESIGN FOR DEATH!"

"THE SHERIFF'S SON!"

"XXX!"



AYERS

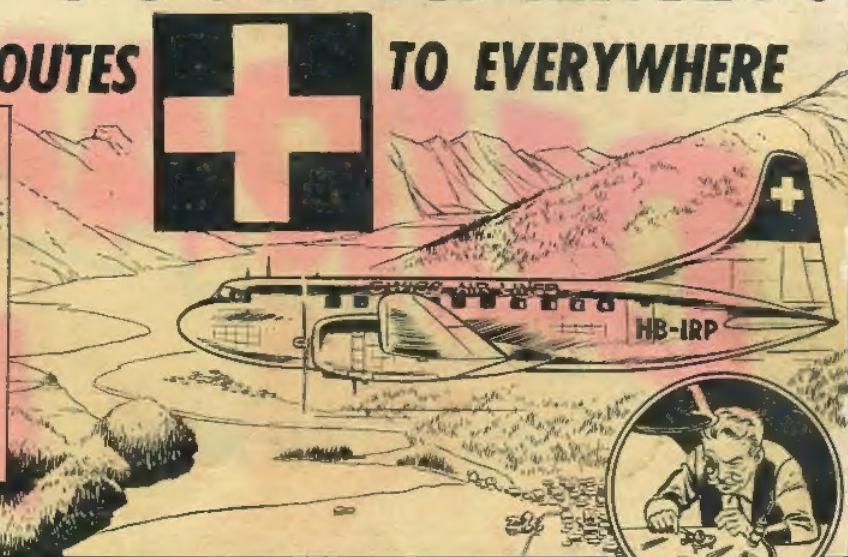
KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

PRECISION ROUTES

TO EVERYWHERE

SWISSAIR, SWITZERLAND'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE, MIRRORS THE SOLID CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT STURDY ALPINE NATION. FOR OVER TEN GENERATIONS, THE SWISS HAVE HAD A REPUTATION FOR MAKING AND SERVICING PRECISION PRODUCTS EQUALLED BY FEW AND SURPASSED BY NONE.

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AS A COMPANY, **SWISSAIR** IS OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT IN ITS OPERATIONS IT DRAWS ON OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION. INHERITING THE EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL OF THE **AD ASTRA** AIRLINE WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1919 IN ZURICH AND OF **BALAIR**, FOUNDED IN 1925 IN BASEL, **SWISSAIR** WAS BORN THROUGH THE FUSION OF THESE TWO COMPANIES IN 1931.

SWISSAIR WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO USE AN AMERICAN-BUILT PLANE, THE LOCKHEED "ORION" IN 1932. LATER, THE COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO USE THE DOUGLAS DC-2 AND DC-3. THUS **SWISSAIR** HAS ASSISTED IN ACQUAINTING SWITZERLAND AND THE REST OF EUROPE WITH THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURE.



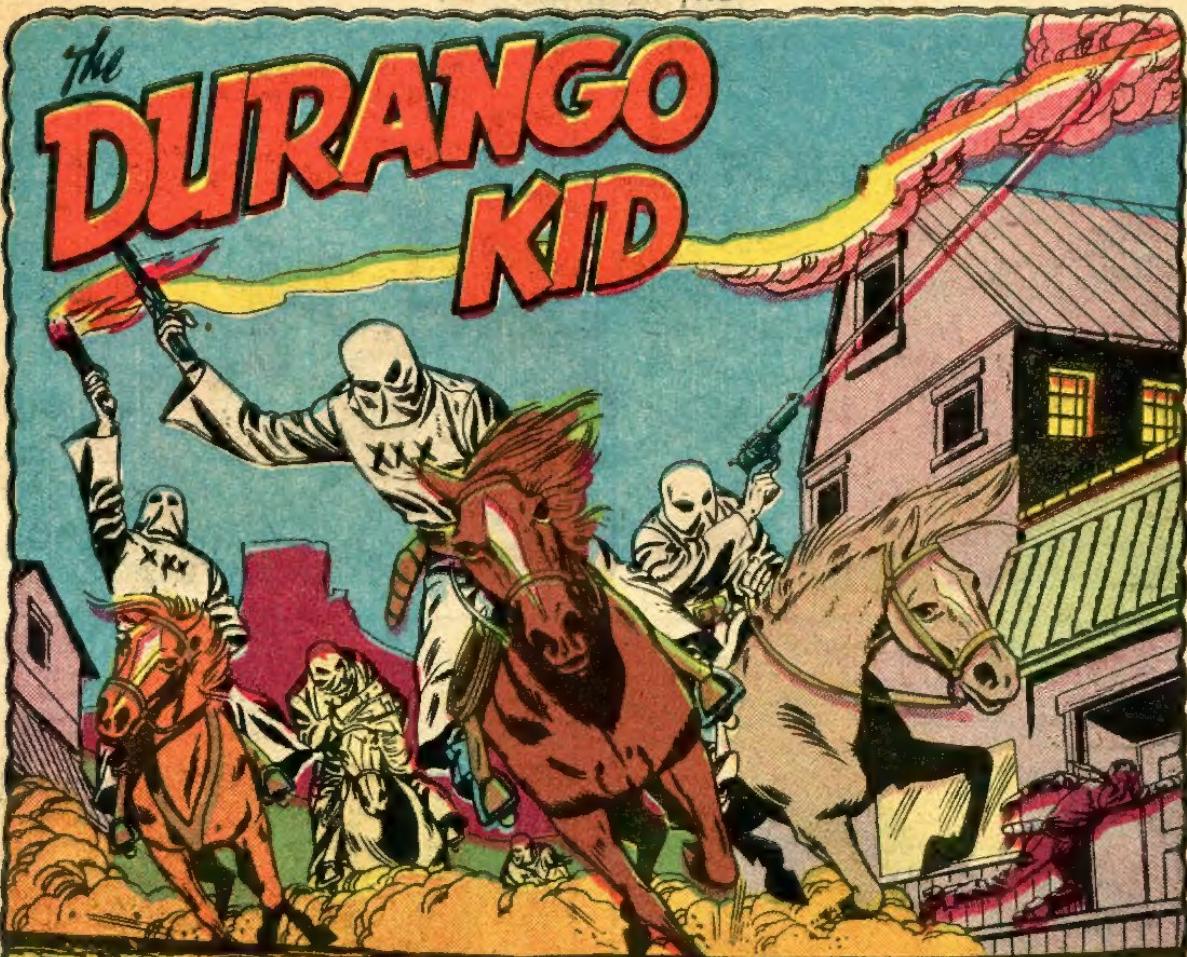
TYPICAL OF **SWISSAIR'S** THOROUGHNESS IS THE RECENT INSTANCE WHERE THE COMPANY INTERVIEWED AND TESTED 300 APPLICANTS IN ORDER TO SELECT JUST THIRTY HOSTesses FOR TRAINING.



ON AUGUST 19, 1951, **SWISSAIR** ADDED THE DOUGLAS DC-6B TO THEIR TRANSATLANTIC SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ZURICH, CUTTING THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THESE CITIES TO A NEW LOW OF 14 HOURS. **SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST CARRIER TO USE THESE PLANES OVER THE ATLANTIC; AND ON JANUARY 31, 1952, A **SWISSAIR** DC-6B SET A NEW WORLD FLYING RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND GENEVA — 10 HOURS AND 27 MINUTES. THE **SWISSAIR** DC-6B ALSO SET A NEW OCEAN-CROSSING RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT — 4 HOURS AND 36 MINUTES — ONLY 17 MINUTES SHORT OF THE FASTEST CROSSING TO DATE, RECENTLY MADE BY A JET PLANE.



The DURANGO KID

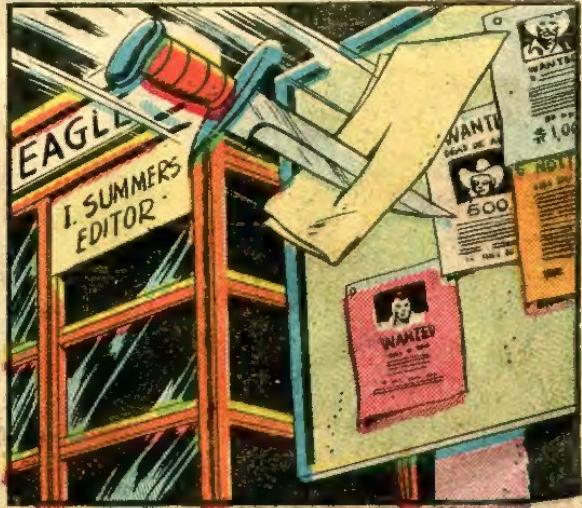


OUT OF THE HILLS RIDES THIS HOODED GANG. THE QUIET IS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF SHOTS, THE AIR IS SPLIT BY CURDLING YELLS AS THESE WHITE-ROBED TERRORISTS FLING A CHALLENGE OF HATE AND BIGOTRY TO ALL DECENT MEN... WHO IS BRAVE ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE CHALLENGE? WHO WILL FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE DREADED

"XXX"

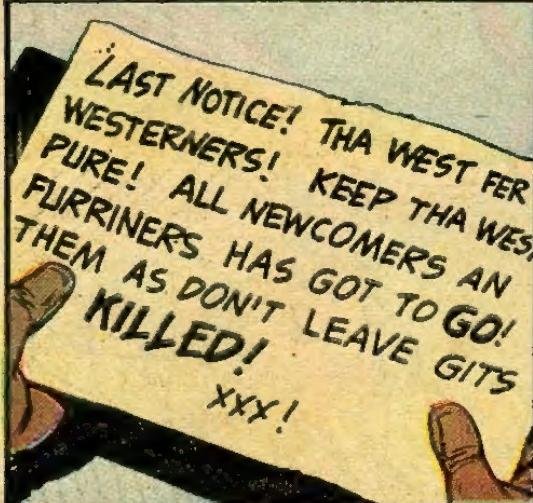
A CYCLONE OF HATE RIPS THROUGH THE STREETS OF RED HOOK...

ONE OF THE RIDERS HURLS A KNIFE AND A NOTE...



THE DURANGO KID

AS THE THUNDER OF HOOF'S DWINDLES
IN THE DISTANCE...



MEN, THIS IS DEAD WRONG! THIS IS IGNORANCE AND HATE! WHY, EXCEPT FOR THE INDIANS, I GUESS JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY IS A "NEWCOMER"....!



I SAY THERE'S NO ROOM IN OUR COUNTRY FOR MOBS LIKE THE XXX. THEIRS IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE WHIP AND GUN! IF WE STICK TOGETHER AND FIGHT, WE CAN GET RID OF THEM!

NOW, NOW, STEVE — THERE'S NO REASON TO GET VIOLENT ABOUT IT. THESE MEN AREN'T DANGEROUS — THEY'RE JUST IGNORANT, THAT'S ALL. I THINK IF WE REASON WITH THEM...

I TELL YOU THEY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, SUMMERS!



JEST A MINUTE EVERYBODY! AINT NOBODY GONNA GO GUN-TOTIN' 'GAINST LAW-BREAKERS 'ROUND HYAR EXCEPT ME!



I'M ORDERIN' EVERYBODY HERE - HANDS OFF! ANYBODY BREAKS A LAW - IT'S MY JOB TUH GIT 'IM! AN' DON'T NOBODY FER-GIT THET! NOW BREAK IT UP...



YOU'RE A MAN OF ACTION, STEVE — AND I GUESS YOU THINK I'M JUST A FUDDY-DUDDY NEWSPAPER EDITOR. JUST THE SAME I THINK SHERIFF BAGLEY'S RIGHT. IT'S NOT OUR JOB TO GO AFTER XYX.



MAYBE... MAYBE...

THE DURANGO KID

A FEW DAYS LATER - AT A SECRET CONCLAVE IN THE HILLS...

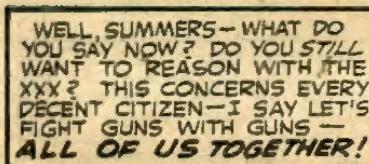
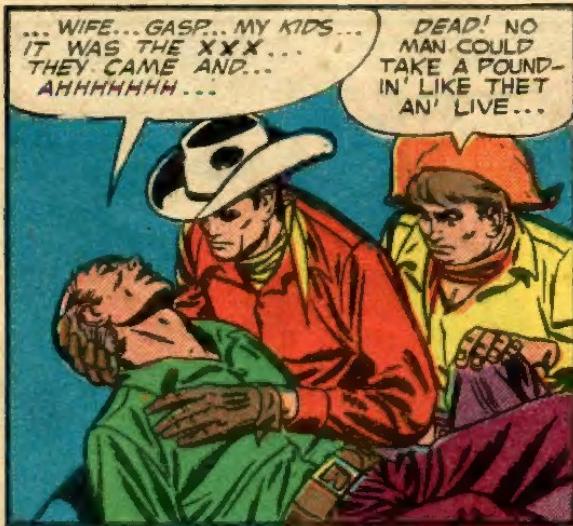
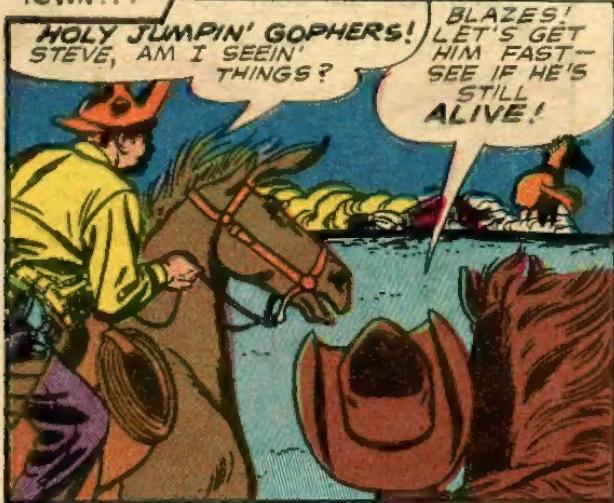
MEN, EVEN THUH NEWSPAPER IS TELLIN' THUH TOWN TO TAKE IT EASY. THET'S PLAYIN' RIGHT INTUH OUR HANDS! AIN'T NOBODY GONNA STOP US FROM GOIN' RIGHT AHEAD WITH OUR PLANS....!

LET'S GO! AN' FUST ON OUR LIST IS THET FURRINER, BENJAMIN GREENE! WE'RE GONNA 'CLEAN THIS COUNTRY OUT!

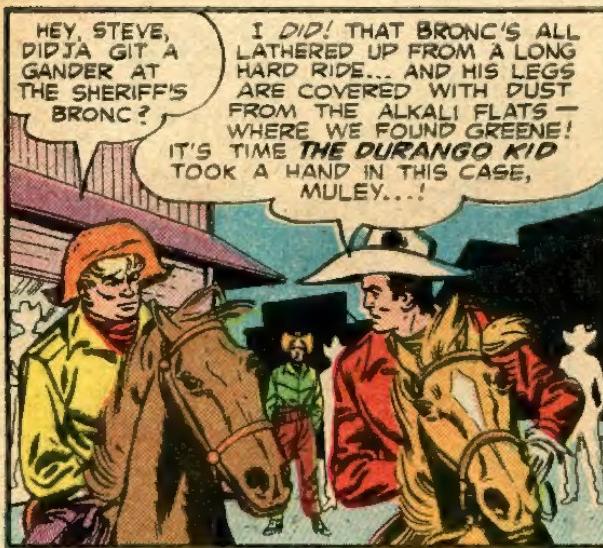


THE DURANGO KID

A FEW MILES AWAY—ON A SHORTCUT INTO TOWN...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

WE GOT SUMMERS EATIN' OUT OF OUR HAND! BUT THAT STEVE BRAND—HE'S STICKIN' UP FOR THE FURRINERS AND WE GOT TO PUT HIM NEXT ON OUR LIST!



THE HONEST EDITOR CAN STAND NO MORE...

BAGLEY, YOU'RE A LIAR AND A MURDERER AND A DISGRACE TO YOUR BADGE! STEVE BRAND IS RIGHT—THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH YOU AND YOUR KIND!

SUMMERS... WHAT THE...! GRAB 'IM, MEN!



SUMMERS, YOU AIN'T USEFUL TO US NO MORE! TWO OF YOU GUYS HOLD HIM HERE. THE REST OF US'LL GO GIT STEVE BRAND. THEN—THESE TWO FURRINER-LOVERS KIN DIE TOGETHER! LET'S GO!



WAL, MISTER EDITOR—THAR AIN'T NUTHIN' KIN SAVE YUH NOW!

I GUESS—GULP—THAT'S SO! NOTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT MAYBE SOMEBODY LIKE THE DURANGO KID OR SOMETHING.



SOMEBODY MENTION MY NAME?

GNNNG!

DURANGO!



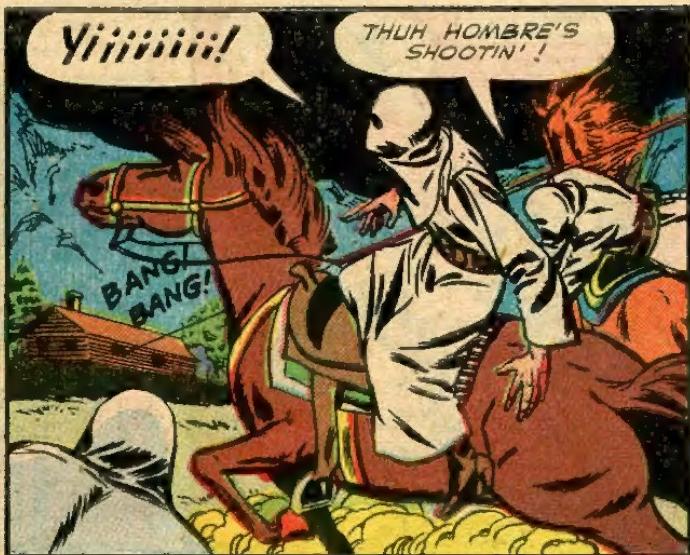
OBSERVE, SUMMERS—THIS IS HOW TO HANDLE COYOTES LIKE THESE!

HMM—STEVE BRAND WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL! DURANGO, WOULD YOU PLEASE PASS ME THOSE HOMBRE'S GUNS?



THE DURANGO KID

MEANWHILE, AT STEVE'S AND MULEY'S SHACK...



THE DURANGO KID

BUT THEN...



AND ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO BEAT THEM IS FOR DECENT PEOPLE TO FIGHT BACK! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON, DURANGO—AND, THROUGH MY NEWSPAPER, I'M GOING TO SEE THAT EVERYBODY ELSE LEARNS THAT LESSON, TOO....!



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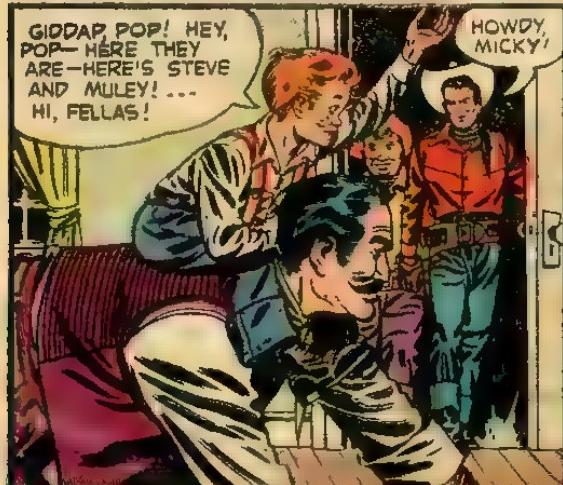
The DURANGO KID



SIX-GUNS SCREAM A SONG OF DEATH WHEN THIS BUSHWACKER BROOD MAKES ITS BID FOR AN EMPIRE OF CRIME — AND **THE DURANGO KID** COMES STREAKING TO THE CHALLENGE. AND IT'S NO CINCH FOR DURANGO TO TEACH THEM THAT THEY'RE A BIT TOO BIG FOR THEIR BANDANAS WHEN THEY MAKE THEIR PLAY FOR THE

"Son of the Sheriff!"

STEVE BRAND AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE, HAVE BEEN INVITED TO THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE FOR SUPPER...

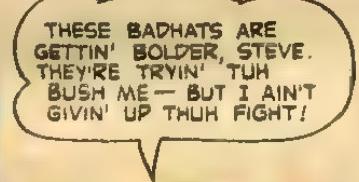


ANYTHING NEW ON THE RECENT ROBBERIES, SHERIFF?

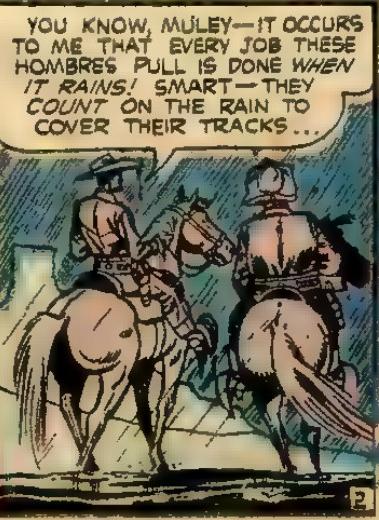
NARY A THING, STEVE. IT'S GOT ME PLUMB WORRIED. MORE ROBBERIES NOW THAN THERE EVER WUZ...



THE DURANGO KID

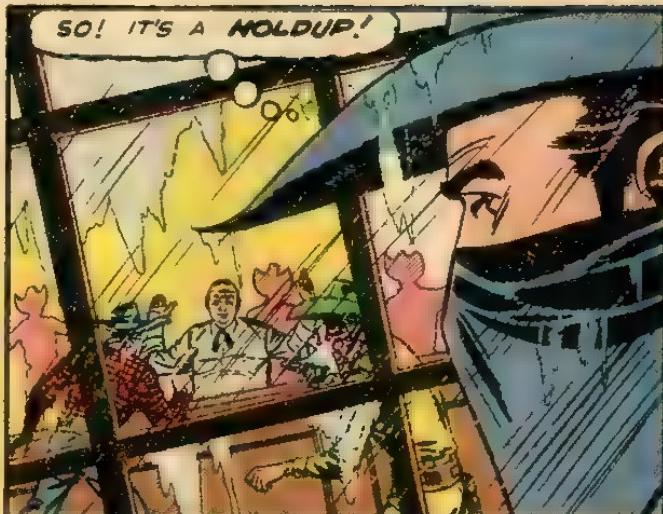


LATER - AS STEVE AND MULEY GO HOME ...

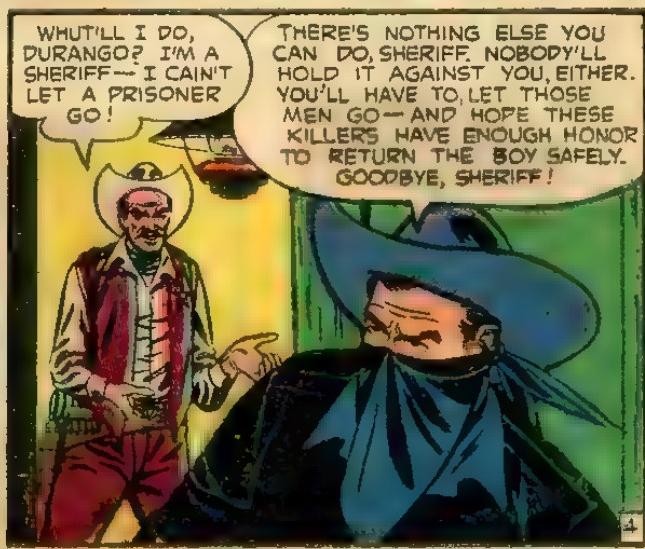
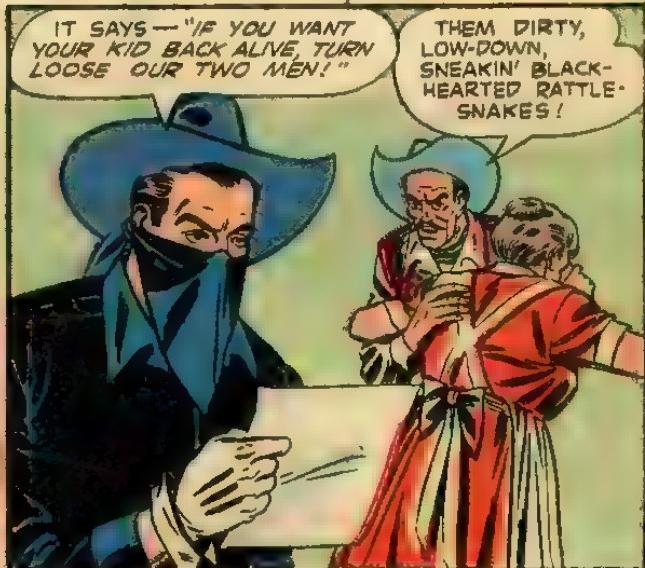


THE DURANGO KID

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

THE TWO PRISONERS ARE RELEASED...

YUH'RE FREE, YUH THIEVIN' BUSHWHACKERS! BUT EF MUH SON DON'T COME BACK SAFE AN SOON, I'LL COME AFTER YUH—AN' KEEP ON COMIN' TILL ONE OF US DIES!



WE BEEN CIRCLIN' OUR TRACKS FER AN HOUR NOW. YUH SHORE THERE AIN'T NOBODY FOLLOWIN' US?

I GOT EYES LIKE A HAWK AN' I DON'T SEE NOBODY. I GUESS IT'S OKAY TO HEAD STRAIGHT FER THE HIDEOUT NOW.



BUT!

MY BLACK OUTFIT BLEND'S WITH THE NIGHT AND THE SHADOWS — THEY'LL NEVER SEE ME!

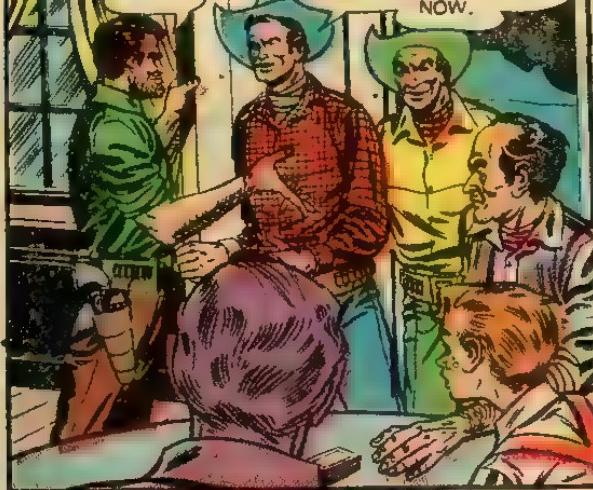


SO! THAT'S WHERE THEIR HIDEOUT IS! WELL, I'M SURE NOT GOING TO BET MICKEY'S SAFETY ON THEIR "SENSE OF HONOR"!



HELLO, BOYS! WAL, IT WORKED, DIDN'T IT?

IT SHORE DID, HASKINS! HERE WE BE! YUH KIN SEND THUH KID HOME NOW.



SHUEKS, NOI I'M GOIN' TUH HANG ONTO THUH KID FER A WHILE — KEEP THUH SHERIFF IN LINE FER OUR NEXT, AN' LAST, JOB ON THUH BANK! SMART, HUH?

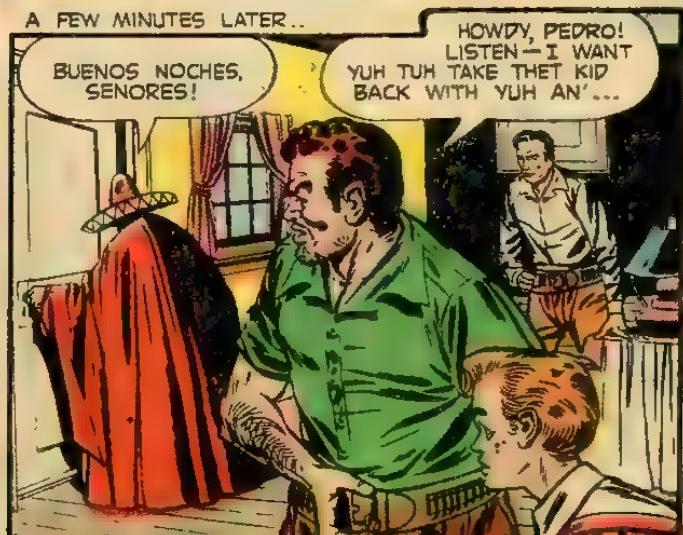


I EXPECT PEDRO HERE ANY MINUTE. HE'S GOIN' TUH TAKE THUH KID OVER THUH BORDER, WHAR NEITHER THUH SHERIFF OR DURANGO KIN GET AT 'IM.

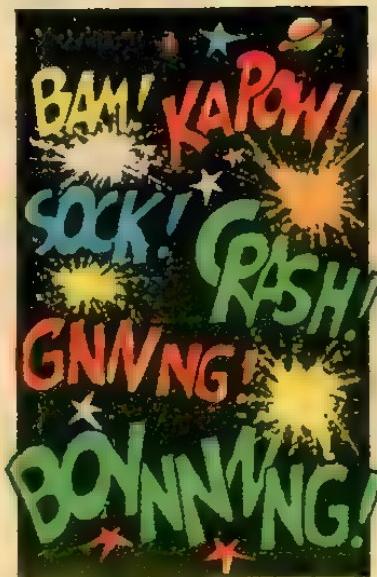
THE DIRTY SCUM!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



Dan Brand and Tipi

HERE IT IS—THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE SINISTER CONSPIRACY OF THE SECRET FORCE! FOR A WHILE DAN BRAND AND TIPI THOUGHT THEY HAD SMASHED THE POWER OF THIS EVIL RING OF PLOTTERS—BUT THEY FIND A TRAIL LEADING THEM TO AN EVEN MORE TERRIBLE

"DESIGN FOR DEATH"

Frank Meadow



WHEN WE LEFT DAN AND TIPI, THEY WERE WATCHING "MISTER X" AND LOBO DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE SWAMP...

CAUGHT IN THE
QUICKSAND!

SO DIE ALL
WHO WOULD
BE "KING
OF
AMERICA!"

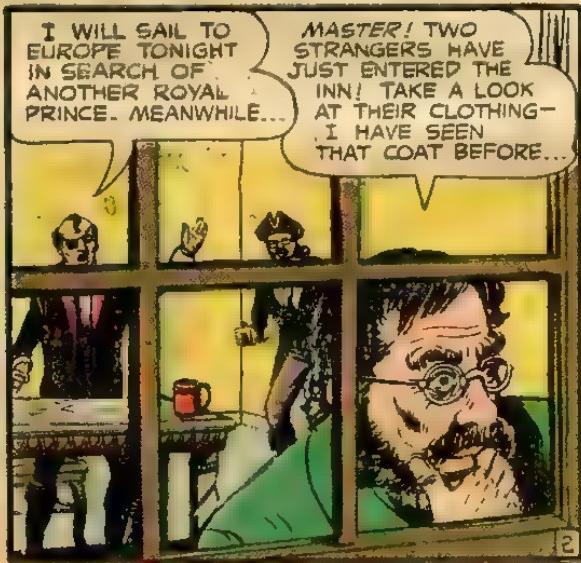
BUT NOW—
BACK TO THE
HOUSE, THERE
ARE STILL
THREE MORE
MEMBERS OF
"THE SECRET
FORCE" TO BE
ACCOUNTED
FOR!

IF THEY
ARE
STILL
THERE!

GONE!
ALL THREE OF
THEM! WHERE
DID THEY GO?
WHICH WAY?
WE'VE GOT TO
FIGURE THIS
OUT...



THE DURANGO KID



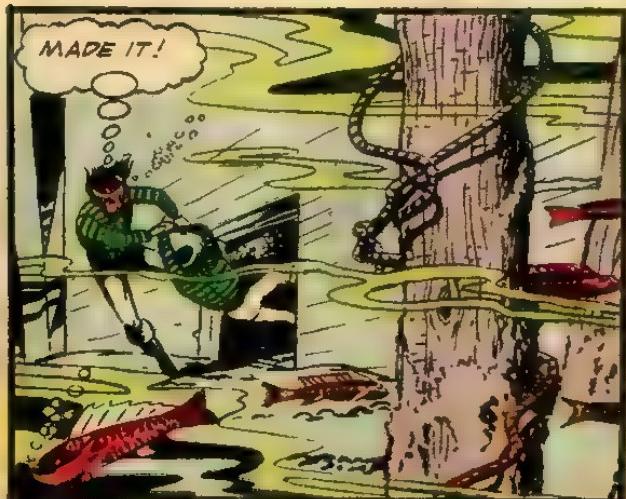
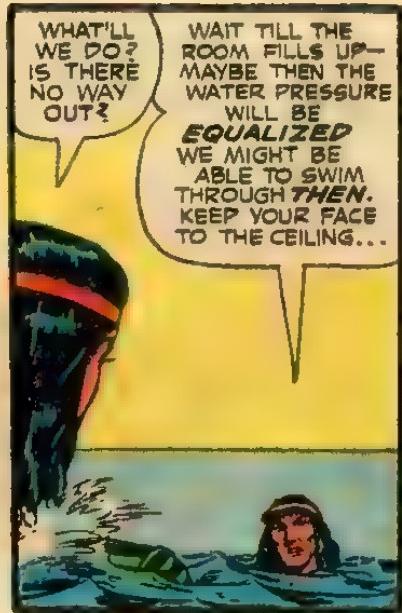
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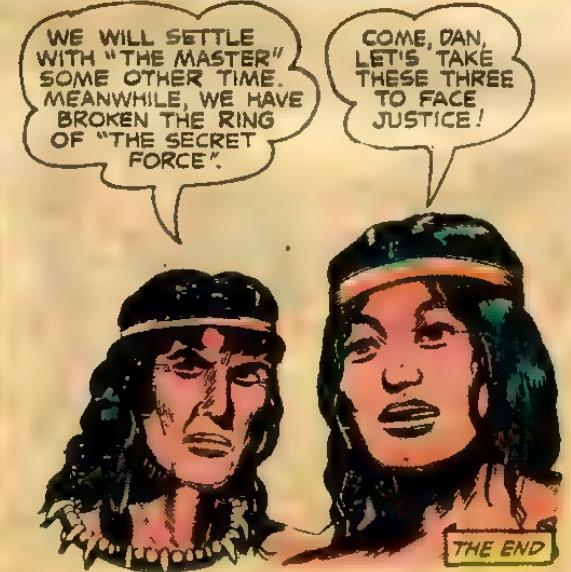
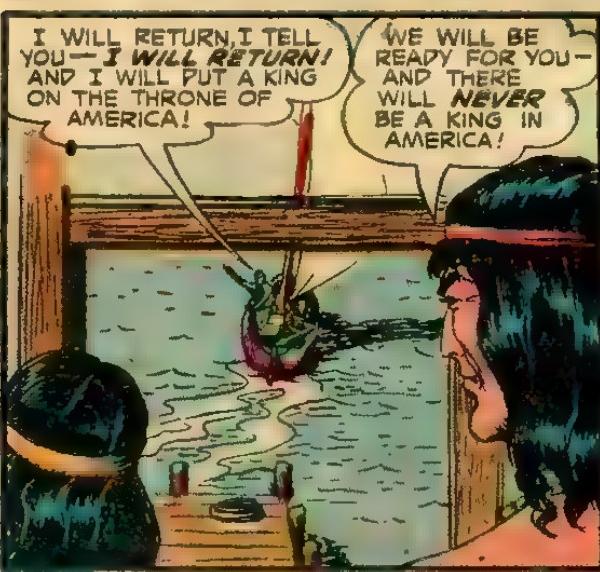
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



TROUBLE ON THE TRAIL DRIVE



THE dust and heat of the drag was stifling. Following the trail herd up from the Llano Estacado of Texas, across the grassy plains of Comancheria, swallowing the dirt kicked up by ten thousand hooves, watching the great curving horns of the Texas cattle click and swing, was a man-size job. With a red neckerchief across his face, protecting his nostrils and mouth from the drying effects of the dust that clawed a man's throat dry, Link Sterling swayed in the saddle and brooded.

He was a fool, he told himself. He could be sitting in a saloon, cool in the shade, with cards in his hands and a bottle of beer at his elbow. He could be there — if he had only listened to Sleepy Joe Calloway!

"Play it smart, boy," Sleepy Joe had told him. "The west is a wild place. Make your money the easy way: With your quick hands and fingers — the tricks you can do with cards! — you don't ever have to work! Come with me and the boys. We'll live high in Abilene and Dodge City."

Link Sterling shifted against the bite of the sun on his back. His dry throat clamored for the cool beer he could be drinking. His hand touched the Colt at his side, and he winced at the hot metal searing his hand.

"I had to go sign up for this drive," he muttered savagely. "I had to go and get me a job brandin' steers and makin' myself useful around Old Man Booth and his Hogpen spread!"

He tried to spit, but there was only dust in his throat. He slumped back into the kak and let his horse plod on.

They crossed the Cimarron and bedded down for the night. Link was standing the first shift. He sang in a deep voice, almost crooning, to the steers. The night was sullen, with lowhanging clouds overhead, with the distant flash of lightning and rumble of thunder making the steers uneasy. At any moment, they might lift to their

feet and run in the dreaded stampede.

At midnight, a second relay of riders would be out of their blankets and riding the shift until dawn. Link thought of his bed. His eyes were almost closing —

The crack of the thunder brought him rigid in the saddle. He could hear faint, rolling echoes sweeping down out of the hills. He saw vivid flashes of light.

"Queer sort of lightning!" he thought, and then there was no time for thought, for the herd was moving in a solid mass of fury, and the hoofs were drumming on the earth, shaking it.

A man screamed somewhere out there in the darkness, and Link Sterling winced, thinking how it would be to go down flat on the ground in front of that stampeding mass of cattle. And then he was toeing his bronc forward, yanking at his gun, shouting.

He saw the men in the distance, and called to them. One of them turned and snapped a shot back at him. It came to Link then that the lightning flashes he had seen were not lightning flashes at all, but the streak of sixguns firing upward at the sky. These men who rode grimly and silently ahead of him were outlaws — trading on the stampede to run off as many head of cattle as they could!

Rage settled in Link Sterling. His lips tightened. He snarled, "We've coddled and nursed these longhorns all the way from the Staked Plains! And these human wolves wait here to profit from our bad luck!"

He turned his Colt away from the steers, where he had been shooting to knock down the leaders, and trained it on the men up ahead of him. Those same hands that were so deft with the playing cards were equally skillful with a sixshooter. That skill had first caught Sleepy Joe's attention in Tascosa when Link had cleared leather on an owlhoot up from the Mescalero country.

Sleepy Joe had nodded at Link's smoking six-

gun and smiled. "You handle that thing right fine, son. I could use a boy like you."

And young Slimjim Baker, who had wolfed along with Link, had told him, "Hey, Link! Yuh hear that? Mister Sleepy Joe here wants us to ride with him."

Young Slimjim had gone with Calloway. Whatever he was, Link knew he wasn't being shot at by rustlers, running along in the dark beside a stampede, afraid that a momentary loss of footing in the night would hurl him down beneath those ripping, tearing hoofs!

"I'm a triple-plated fool," he grated into the wind that stung his lips.

But he steadied his wrist, and his gun belched flame in the blackness, and somewhere up ahead of him a man shuddered as a bullet drove in under his left shoulder. Link could see him swaying, clinging to the mane of his bronc.

His gunfire was bothering them. They could not cut out a part of the herd with his bullets slicing the darkness around them! Two of them reined their horses around, and headed toward him.

It was then that another gun spoke behind him. Another joined it a moment later, and the foreman, Big Fred Morris, and a lean rider from the Panamints swept in stirrup-to-stirrup with him.

"Nice goin', son," said Morris. "You held 'em just long enough for us to side you ag'in 'em! We'll teach 'em to rob honest men along the Chisholm Trail!"

Other riders were sweeping in, now. The herd was forgotten. The stampeding steers would run themselves out by daybreak. They could be rounded up. It would be backbreaking work, but it would get done.

The rustlers were another story.

They would prey again and again on the steers coming up the Trail, unless they were stopped here and now. The Hogpen ranch would be sending more steers, next year and in the years after that. It was their job to stamp out the rustlers now, while they had the chance!

They rode hard.

They caught the rustlers in a box canyon. There were ten of them, slim shapes of blackness in the dark night, that fired guns and cursed in sibilant whispers.

Link threw himself behind a rock at the entrance to the canyon. The first faint streaks of dawn were sending probing pink fingers through the sky. Soon the sun would be lifting, and they would see each other face to face, these men who drove the trail herds, and these men who robbed them.

Link crouched, gun in hand, a rock before him. He saw a man's shadow tilt and shift against a background of sheer rock cliff. His gun lifted. He waited.

The shadow moved, disappeared.

A man moved into view. Link tightened his lips. His finger squeezed the trigger, and through the smoke that swirled upward from the muzzle of his gun he saw a man rise up, clutching at his shoulder.

A cry broke from the man's mouth. On either side of Link, guns barked, and the man fell across a rock and slid slowly down into the sand at the floor of the canyon. A voice rose in a shout.

"Boys, they got us here! We'll never git away this way! We got to make a run for it!"

And then they were rising from their hiding places, running for their mounts, catching at reins and climbing upward into their saddles. Link triggered his gun again and again.

A man clawed at his reins, slid sideways, and fell with a sudden thud. A lean rider, driving his spurs into his mount, went back with three small red dots appearing like magic on his chest.

"We got 'em!" Morris shouted.

Link came forward at a run. His gun bucked and kicked in his hand. A third outlaw went face down into the canyon sands.

Now the outlaws were racing forward, three of them, spurring hard, their own guns up and bucking. But it was too late, for the Hogpen trail crew were here in numbers now, with rifles against their shoulders and walnut-butted six-guns in their hands, and their eyes were hard, for these men had helped begin that stampede, had urged it along with their shouts and gunshots.

The rifles and the sixguns spoke, and the three men came sliding out of their saddles to lie sprawled in death on the canyon sands.

Link Sterling cried out. Those two men, spilled spinelessly in death —

"Sleepy Joe Calloway!" he cried out. "And —"

He ran to stand over the second man. He was young, with tumbled yellow hair spilling out from under his torn Stetson.

"Slimjim Baker! So this is what Sleepy Joe talked you into! And — and I was sorry that I — that I hadn't come along with you!"

He drew a deep breath. He saw Morris walking among the dead men. Morris was a strong man, a smart man. He knew the west was big, that a young man could make a name and a fortune here, with steers. But he could make it the honest way, not the way of the Sleepy Joes and the Slimjims. They only found death.

"Come on, boys," Link shouted. "Let's get these bad hats buried — and then go round up that herd. We got a lot of travelling ahead of us!"

His throat was dry, but he did not mind. He was through riding the drag. Soon he would be riding point, up ahead of the herd. It was a good feeling. Almost as good a feeling as that of being — alive . . . !

THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID



AFTER THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, MEXICO SOUGHT TO RECOVER BY ARMED FORCE THE TERRITORIES THAT SHE HAD SURRENDERED TO THE UNITED STATES AT THE END OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO... OF ALL THOSE WHO TRIED TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, NO BAND WAS MORE VICIOUS, NO GROUP OF MEN MORE DEADLY, THAN THOSE RUTHLESS KILLERS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES LOS INFIMOS! THEY ROBBED AND KILLED AND LOOTED TO GATHER A FORTUNE WITH WHICH TO BUY GUNS AND CANNON, BULLETS AND SHELLS...

THEY EVEN PUT A WOMAN IN A BUCKBOARD AND SET IT AFIRE—AND THUS BROUGHT THE DURANGO KID GALLOPING TO FIND — “The Lost Treasure Trove!”

THE THICK MISTS THAT SWIRL ACROSS THE SAGE FLATS WEST OF HIGHLAND PEAK ARE BURNED OPEN BY A GLOWING REDNESS AND RIPPED BY THE SCREAM OF A WOMAN PARALYZED WITH TERROR....!



THE DURANGO KID

AND THEN OUT OF THE MISTS A GRIM FIGURE LOOMS ON A HORSE THAT RUNS LIKE THE WIND ITSELF...



NO TIME TO STOP AND FREE HER—GOT TO SHOOT THOSE REINS!

ALL THAT GOLD! AND THE DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS! ALL OVER THE FLOOR! AND THAT NOISE --- THOSE FACES...

THE GIRL'S DELIRIOUS! GOT TO GET HER TO A DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!

I'M DOWN HERE IN BAJA CALIFORNIA TO HUNT THOSE KILLERS WHO CALL THEMSELVES LOS INFIMOS—BUT A WOMAN'S LIFE IS MORE IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW!



LOS INFIMOS HAVE BEEN ROBBING ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE! THEY'VE BEEN WORKING FOR TWO YEARS NOW. THEY HAVE A GREAT FORTUNE AMASSED—with which they will outfit an army! Since the United States is still weak after the Civil War, such a Mexican army could win back Arizona, New Mexico and California....



EVEN AS THE DURANGO KID BRINGS THE RESCUED GIRL TOWARD TOWN AND A DOCTOR—SOME MILES AWAY LOS INFIMOS ARE STAGING ANOTHER HOLDUP...



I 'AVE THEE LOOT! NOW—SHOOT THEM, SO THERE WEELE BE NO WITNESSES!

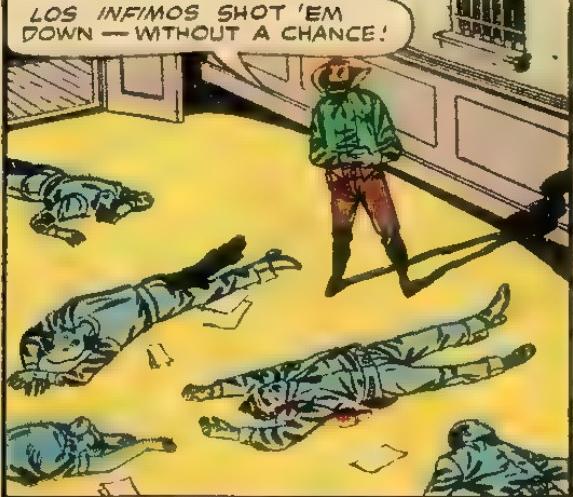


THE DURANGO KID

THEY RAID THE TRAINS THAT CROSS THE MOUNTAIN PASSES...



ONLY THE SPRAWLED DEAD BODIES IN A MESA GULCH BANK TOLD WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN...



BUT WHERE THESE
MERCiless
GUN-MEN
HIDE THE
LOOT THEY
GATHER FROM
STAGE AND
TRAIN - NO
MAN KNOWS!

KID, IT'S A MYSTERY!
THEY'VE STOLEN A FORTUNE
IN GOLD AND JEWELS! IF
WE COULD FIND IT - STOP
'EM FROM USING IT - WE'D
SAVE THE SOUTHWEST
CORNER OF THE
UNITED STATES!



I KNOW, SHERIFF!
THEY CAN BUY CANNON
AND RIFLES AND EQUIP-
MENT FOR A LARGE
ARMY - AN ARMY THAT
WOULD MEET LITTLE
OPPOSITION FROM A
COUNTRY TORN APART
BY "RECONSTRUCTION!"



NOT A SINGLE
CLUE AS TO
WHERE THEY
HIDE THAT
LOOT, EITHER!

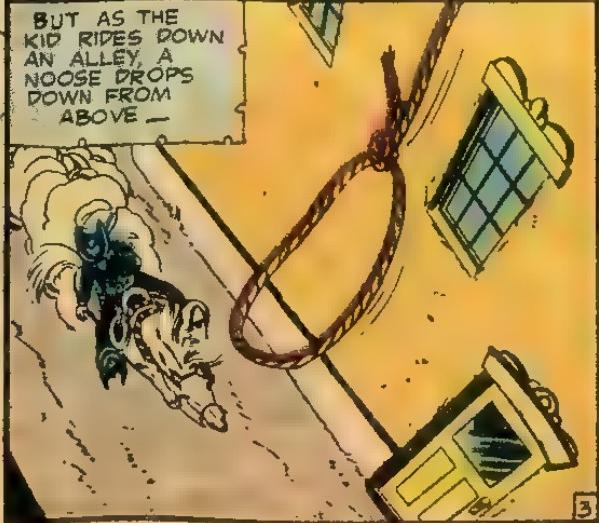


SHE MENTIONED SOMETHING
ABOUT GOLD AND JEWELS!
"ALL OVER THE FLOOR," SHE
SAID. NOW I WONDER IF
SHE FOUND THAT LOOT -
AND WAS PUT IN' THAT
WAGON BY LOS INFAMOS?

HUH! SEE
WHAT YUH
CAN FIND OUT,
DURANGO!
I'LL KEEP AN
EYE ON
THAT
GIRL!



BUT AS THE
KID RIDES DOWN
AN ALLEY, A
NOOSE DROPS
DOWN FROM
ABOVE -



THE DURANGO KID



WITH ONE HAND WRENCHING THE ROPE FROM HIS THROAT, THE OTHER CLASPING A LOG BEAM OF THE BUILDING ROOFTOP, THE KID SWINGS UPWARD —

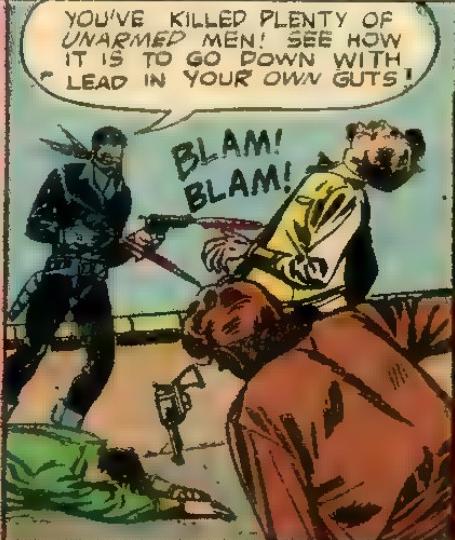


THE DURANGO KID

THE DURANGO KID DEMONSTRATES HIS FANTASTIC PROWESS WITH A PAIR OF COLT PEACEMAKERS! THIS PROWESS HAS RANKED HIM WITH SUCH LEAD-THROWERS AS WILD BILL HICKOK AND JOHN WESLEY HARDIN...



YOU'VE KILLED PLENTY OF UNARMED MEN! SEE HOW IT IS TO GO DOWN WITH LEAD IN YOUR OWN GUTS!



THERE IS NO ESCAPE...



THEY'RE ONLY WOUNDED! THEY'LL LIVE TO HANG FOR THEIR CRIMES — BUT THEY'LL NEVER TALK! HUH! THE MERE FACT THAT THEY ATTACKED ME SHOWS THEY'RE AFRAID OF WHAT I KNOW...!



MOMENTS LATER... AND THE ONLY THING I KNOW IS THAT A GIRL — TERRIFIED OUT OF HER WITS, DELIRIOUS WITH FEAR — BABBLED SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD AND JEWELS. WHEN I DRAGGED HER FROM THAT BURNING WAGON!



HOURS LATER, ON THE HIGH, ROCKY BLUFFS OF HIGHLAND PEAK...

AFTER THE DURANGO KID HAS TURNED AWAY IN DISGUST—

I'VE FOLLOWED THAT GIRL'S TRAIL ALL THE WAY TO THE GULF OF LOWER CALIFORNIA, BUT THERE'S NOT A PLACE THAT COULD BE USED FOR A LOOT HIDEOUT....!



THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION!



SI! THIS VERY NIGHT WE SHALL REMOVE THE TREASURES WE HAVE STORED IN THE CAVE!

WITHIN THREE HOURS, WE WILL HAVE THE TREASURE IN THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO SHALL BUY GUNS AND CANNONS! WITHIN THREE MONTHS, AN ARMY SHALL MARCH NORTH! NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!

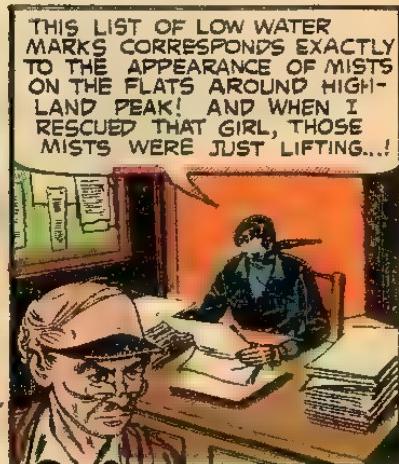


THE DURANGO KID

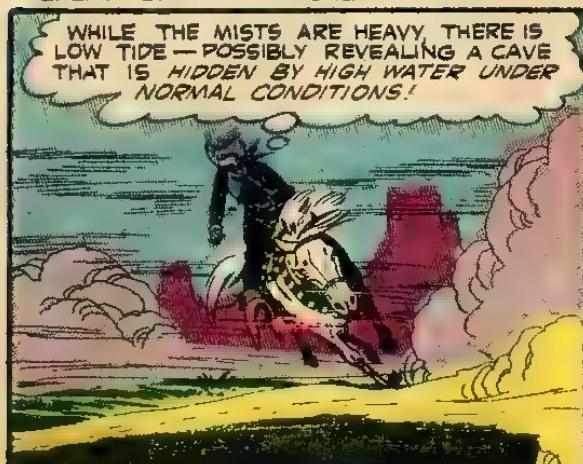
MEANWHILE, DISGUSTED AT HIS FAILURE TO FIND THE HIDDEN CAVE, THE DURANGO KID RIDES BACK TO CACTUS CORNERS...



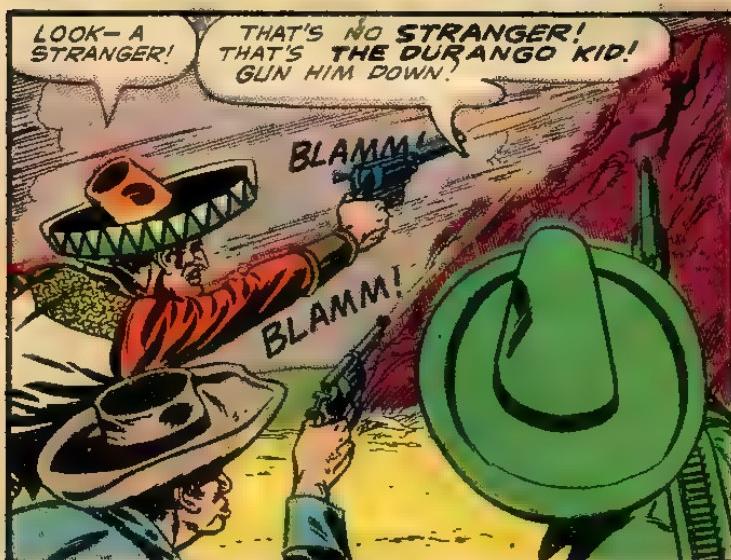
FOR AN HOUR, THE DURANGO KID HUNTS FEVERISHLY IN THE READING ROOM OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER...



THE MISTS GROW STRONGER AS THE DURANGO KID RACES OUT OF TOWN TOWARD THE GREAT CLIFFS OF HIGHLAND PEAK—



...NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY A MAN SEARCHED THEN, THE WATER WOULD HIDE THE CAVE, AND IT WOULD NEVER BE SEEN! AND AT LOW WATER MARK—THE MISTS WOULD HIDE THE CAVE! ONLY WAY TO MAKE SURE IS TO GO DOWN THERE AND HUNT FOR IT!



THE DURANGO KID

THERE IS NO TIME FOR THOUGHT! ONLY A PAIR OF QUICK HANDS—MOVING INSTINCTIVELY—SNAP A LOOP OF THE SEVERED LARIAT ACROSS A BIT OF ROCK THRUSTING FROM THE FACE OF THE CLIFF...



HE LETS GO—HIS PLUM-METING BODY DROPS A DOZEN' FEET...

BUT THEY WON'T KEEP ME PINNED LONG!



WREATHED IN GUNSMOKE, THE DURANGO KID WALKS INTO THE TREASURE CAVE, AND AS HE WALKS, HIS GUN SPITS DEATH...



THE LAST OF THE NOTORIOUS LOS INFIMOS GANG GOES DOWN WITH A SNARL OF HATE AND FURY ON HIS LIPS—



AMAZING! AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!



NEWEST RECORDS

Hit Parade
Break-Resistant
Vinylite Filled

18

- CHOOSE . . .
 HIT PARADE TUNES
 or
 MOST LOVED HYMNS
 or
 HILL BILLY HITS

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IMPORTANT NOTICE!
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YOUR FAVORITE GROUP OF SONGS!

ONLY \$2.98
\$16.02 VALUE
 18 TUNES!

YOU GET
A \$16.02 Value
 For \$2.98
 You SAVE
 \$13.04

18 HIT PARADE TUNES

Perfidia
 Blue Tango
 Blacksmith Blues
 Please Mr. Sun
 Bermuda
 Wheel Of Fortune
 Tiger Rag
 Hambone
 It's No Sin
 Slow Poke



Cry
 Tell Me Why
 The Little White Cloud That Cried
 Charminers
 Anytime
 Jealousy
 Shrimp Boats
 Be My Life's Companion

18 HILL BILLY HITS

Wonderin'
 Silver And Gold
 It Is No Secret
 May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You
 Give Me More, More, More
 Music Makin' Mama From Memphis Baby
 We're Really In Love
 Too Old To Cut The Mustard



Blues Of Southern Sunshine
 Alabama Jubilee
 Always Late
 Crying Heart Blues
 Somebody's Been Beatin' My Time
 Slow Poke
 Let Old Mother Nature Have Her Way
 Crazy Heart
 Mom And Dad's Waltz

18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
 Jesus Keep Me Near
 God Bless Christian
 What A Friend We Have In Jesus
 Come On The Millwood
 In The Garden
 Fathers Of Our Fathers
 There Is Power In The Name
 Leaning On The Everlasting Arm Since Jesus Came Into My Heart



Trust On Me
 Jesus Keep Me Near
 The Cross
 Softer And Tenderer
 Dear Lord And Father Of Our Country
 Brightest Virtues
 Son Of My Soul
 Just A Closer Walk With Thee
 It Is No Secret
 What God Can Do
 May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
 These tunes are CONSTANTLY kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

Now, for the FIRST TIME—You can have the BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS and POPULAR RECORDINGS—18 NEWEST All-Time Hits, favorites in all—for the AMAZING, unbelievable LOW PRICE of only \$2.98. That's right, 18 TOP SELECTIONS that if bought separately would cost up to \$16.02 in stores, on separate records—YOURS by mail for only \$2.98! YES, you can now get 18 HIT PARADE songs—the LATEST, the NEWEST nation-wide POPULAR TUNES—or 18 of the most POPULAR HILL BILLY tunes—some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores—or you get almost a whole complete album of your most wanted HYMNS. These are tunes you have always wanted. They will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS—on newest, most sensational BREAK-RESISTANT records! These amazing records are 6-IN-1 records—6 songs to a record! They are brand new and play three times as many songs as regular records; and they play on regular 78 R.P.M. speed and fit all Type 78 R.P.M. standard phonograph and record players. These are all perfect, BREAK-RESISTANT, Vinylite records free from defects. RUSH YOUR ORDER for your favorite group NOW! ORDER ALL THREE GROUPS and SAVE even MORE MONEY, only \$2.98 per group.

SUPPLY LIMITED. That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the NEW GIFT surface savoring needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the BEST SOUNDING records for the price, return within 10 days for FULL REFUND. Don't delay, send \$2.98 in check or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!

FREE!

If you RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW you get at NO EXTRA COST whatever SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE ORDER 18 Hit Parade Tunes or 18 Hill Billy Hits or 18 Most Loved Hymns or ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR only \$2.98. But, SUPPLY IS LIMITED, so order at once. SEND COUPON TODAY. Order now on Money-Back Guarantee.

MAIL COUPON NOW—10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

HIT TUNES COMPANY, Dept. 151
 318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

gentlemen: Please RUSH the 18 Top Selections along with the GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE on your NO-RISK 10 Day Money Back Guarantee. I enclose \$2.98 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

- 18 Hit Parade
 Tunes \$2.98
 18 Hymns \$2.98
 18 Hill Billy Hits \$2.98
 All Three Groups, 54 SONGS \$7.98

NAME
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Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

BUY NOW — at our Low Low PRICES!

Hello! I'm SANDY! I drink, I wet, I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR! I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN.

TEENIE VALUE! Only \$3.98 complete

NEW! **AMAZING!**

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with . . . plastic curlers, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving end papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple [included] and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.



LITTLE BANDIT
Pays off in Fun!

Want thrills, excitement and action? Then get yourself the LITTLE BANDIT. This miniature slot machine operates like the regulation size machines. Pull down the lever, the wheels spin and a combination shows up in actual colors. Award chart on machine pieces scoring. Made of sturdy, colorful plastic. Non-sparkle powered. Full instructions and game suggestions are included.

HAPPY the COWBOY

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL
- MOVES HIS MOUTH,
- ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (In your own voice, of course.) Put the string in the back of his head through his tie — hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY's mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties — at school! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only \$2.98 Complete

NEW MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING!

Special price of only \$2.98

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP?

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

- IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
- BEAUTIFULLY MOVED PLASTIC GYM
- FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
- DECORATES END TABLES, BOOK CASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fishbowl. Molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop, fill it with approximately 1½ gallon of water as per your water instructions. Place the fishbowl on your pedestal — it'll amaze them for hours and hours. It's fresh and frosty through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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FREE! WITH EVERY BANK

WANTERS 1 lb.
COCKTAIL 1 lb.
PEANUTS 1 lb.
PEANUTS 1 lb.

NOW!

SAVES MONEY
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7½" HIGH!
• HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
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MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK

2.98 COMPLETE

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monocle, a ½ pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear — out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic. MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving [bonds upwards of \$20 in coins]. Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill.

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| Gentlemen: Please send me the following: Enclosed Radi <input type="checkbox"/> Check or M.O. <input type="checkbox"/> C.O.D. plus postage. | | | |
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Assemble it Yourself--Takes Only 12 Minutes -- Save Paying up to \$5 & \$10

PERIOD JUL 1 1952

Complete 15 Piece "BRONCHO BUSTER"^{all for} COWBOY OUTFITS \$1.98



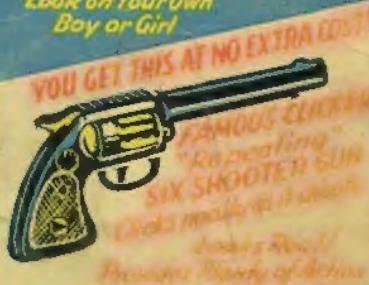
Never Before-Never Again

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These are
ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS
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Just as Each Will
Look on Your Own
Boy or Girl

Suits all
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2 to 12



HERE'S WHAT EACH OUTFIT CONTAINS:

- Western-style Ranger EYE MASK.
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- | | |
|---|---|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Cowboy Outfits @ \$3.79 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Cowgirl Outfits @ \$3.79 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Cowboy and 1 Cowgirl Outfit @ \$3.79 | |

Please state age of youngster getting Outfit _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

Enclosed is full amount plus two dimes for postage for each outfit. Ship my order as checked above all shipping charges prepaid to my door.